



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

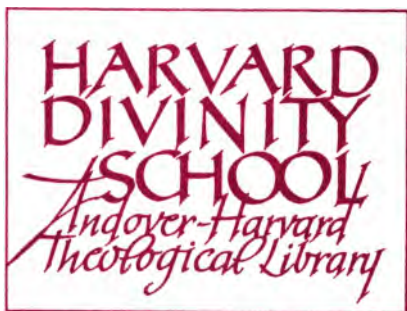
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



**BOUGHT WITH MONEY
RECEIVED FROM THE
SALE OF DUPLICATES**

MUSIC LIBRARY

7

C. E. Granger.
Marl. Coll.
H Y M N S.
Jan 73.

FOR USE IN THE CHAPEL OF

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

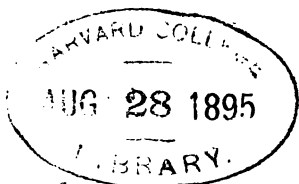
PRIVATELY PRINTED.

PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL, LONDON.

1869.

1324.43

~~Mass 492.15.1869~~



Duplicate money.

BV

525

M27

1869

525
43-224
38

PREFACE.

THE present edition of the Marlborough College Hymn-book differs from previous ones in two particulars. The number of Hymns has been very considerably increased ; and certain hymns which are not specially suited for use in Public Worship, but which are valued for other reasons, have been set apart in an Appendix. To these have been added a few Sacred Poems, which, it is hoped, may help to foster and keep alive a healthy devotional spirit in the School. The text of the old hymns has been revised throughout, and, where possible, has been restored to its original form.

The Editors owe especial thanks to the Dean of Westminster for permission to insert his ver-

sion of the *Dies Irae* (in the Appendix, page 296); to the Rev. W. Walsham How, for the free use of his own hymns (see pages 116, 206, 256), and for several valuable suggestions; to F. T. Palgrave, Esq. for the use of five of his beautiful hymns (see pages 11, 28, 29, 194, 257); and to James Parker, Esq. of Oxford, for permission to use the extracts from the "Christian Year" which will be found at the end of the book.

MARLBOROUGH, *June* 1869.

H Y M N S.

1.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700

2.

L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

John Keble, 1827.

3.

July 20/72

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.

COME, thou bright and morning star,
 Light of light, without beginning,
 Shine upon us from afar,
 That we may be kept from sinning ;
 Drive away by Thy clear light
 Our dark night.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew
 Falling upon barren places,
 Comfort, quicken, and renew
 Our dry souls and dying graces ;
 Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store,
 Evermore.

May Thy fervent love destroy
 Our cold works, in us awaking
 Ardent zeal, and holy joy,
 At the purple morn's first breaking ;
 Let us truly rise, ere yet
 Life has set.

Ah ! Thou Day-star from on high,
 Grant that at Thy next appearing,
 We who in the grave do lie,
 May arise, Thy summons hearing ;
 And rejoice in our new life,
 Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
 Sun of Grace, in glory shrouded ;
 Lead us through this vale of tears,
 To the land where days unclouded,
 Purest joy, and perfect peace,
 Never cease. Amen.

From the German of Von Rosenroth. 1684

4.

L. M.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name !
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end !

O Christ ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne :
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee ! Amen.

John Chandler, 1837.

From St. Ambrose.

MORNING.

Sept 26/72 5

5. July:

D. C. M.

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East ;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's Almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space ;
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face :
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free ;
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come :
Lord, be a place, a portion mine
In that bright blissful home. Amen.

Gascoigne.

6.

7. 6. 7. 6

WHILE yet the morn is breaking
 I thank my God once more,
 Beneath whose care awaking
 I find the night is o'er ;
 I thank Him that He calls me
 To life and health anew,
 I know whate'er befalls me
 His care will still be true.

Guardian of Israel, hear me,
 Watch o'er me through the day,
 In all I do be near me :
 For others too I pray,
 To Thee I would commend them,
 Our church, our youth, our land,
 Direct them and defend them
 When dangers are at hand.

O gently grant Thy blessing,
 That we may do Thy will,
 No more Thy ways transgressing
 Our proper task fulfil ;
 Thy Spirit put within us,
 And let His gifts of grace
 To all good actions win us,
 That best may show His praise. Amen.

From the German of J. Mühlmann, 1618.

7.

7's.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see :
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

Visit then these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill us, O Thou light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

8.

8. 4. 7.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking—
Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day :
Come to Him who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning ;
Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended—
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

8.

(Continued.)

Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers

Vain and brief are borne away :
Time, my soul; thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

Mayst thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet :
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,

But His Spirit's voice obey :
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing,
Fairer than the fairest day.

Round the gifts His bounty showers,
Walls and towers

Girt with flames thy God shall rear :
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee,
Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

From the German of Baron Von Can'

9.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

NOW the morn new light is pouring,
Lord ! may we our spirits raise,
Through Thy grace our souls restoring ;—
So, on Thy great day of days,
We with joy its dawn may meet
Fearless at Thy judgment-seat.

Jesus ! Thou our steps be guiding
By Thy word's celestial light,
Now and evermore abiding
Our defence, our rock of might !
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,
Can we rest from danger free.

Lo ! we yield to Thy direction
Soul and body, heart and mind ;
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,
To Thy mighty hand resigned !
Thou our glorious God we own ;
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone ! Amen.

10.

L. M.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore. Amen.

F. T. Palgrave.

11.

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.

12.

L. M.

SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

John Keble, 1827.

13.

68's.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day, &c. Amen.

Faber.

14.

6. 4. 6. 6.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity :
One Lord divine :
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine ! Amen.

E. Caswall, from the Latin.

15.

Chorale

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest :
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be !
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last !

Three in One ! let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven ;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given,
And by grace dost us restore ;
Praise to Thee for evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

16.

10's.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me ! Amen.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

Judge 19th 773
Hope

17.

Jan 26/75

7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

NOW all the woods are sleeping,
 And night and stillness creeping
 O'er earth with toil oppress :
 But thou my heart awake thee,
 To prayer awhile betake thee,
 And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

The last faint beam is going,
 The golden stars are glowing
 In yonder dark-blue deep ;
 And such the glory given
 When, called of God to heaven,
 On earth no more we pine and weep.

Now thought and labour ceases,
 For night the tired releases
 And bids sweet rest begin ;
 My heart, there comes a morrow -
 Shall set thee free from sorrow
 And all the dreary toil of sin.

My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
 And let no foe come nigh me,
 Safe sheltered by Thy wing ;
 But would the foe alarm me,
 Oh, let him never harm me,
 But still Thine angels round me sing !

Amen.

Gerhardt, 1653.

18.

HOLIEST, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, who never weary
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb ;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

J. Edmeston.

19.

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high ! Amen.

*Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.
2d stanza by Archbishop Whately.*

20.

HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesu,
While we breathe our evening prayer ;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night ;
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesu, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above ;
All the night Thy heart is watchful,
Never close Thine eyes of love.

Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom ;
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home. Amen.

21.

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow ;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below ;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God !

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray !
All that I have, and am, to Thee
I offer through Eternity ! Amen.

Anon. 1853.

22.

L. M.

SUNK is the sun's last beam of light,
And darkness wraps the world in night ;
Christ! light us with Thy heavenly ray,
Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
Hast kept all grief and harm away ;
That angels tarried round about
Our coming in and going out.

What we of wrong have done or said,
Let not the charge on us be laid ;
That through Thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.

Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase ;
Both soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep. Amen.

23.

L. M.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone ;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
Will I remember on my bed ;
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercies I will give ;
My soul in Thee shall aye rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery, 1819.

24.

L. M.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world ! we pray
That with Thy wonted favour Thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.

Uplift us with Thine Arm of Might,
So may our souls rise pure and bright ;
With love divine our hearts inflame,
To praise Thee for Thy glorious Name.

Within our spirits ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel ;
The faith of old by saints professed
Root deep within our inmost breast.

Author of all things, gracious Guide,
In life be ever at our side ;
And when the assaults of death impend,
Thy people strengthen and defend.

All glory, Saviour, Lord, to Thee,
Who over death didst triumph, be ;
To Thee be fear and homage given,
By hell, and earth, and highest heaven. Amen.

Latin Hymn, " Te lucis ante terminum

Eastern Church

25.

July 13/73

6 7's.

FATHER ! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace :
We to Thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour ! to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray ;
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that we may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit ! breathing balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet awhile before we sleep,
We with Thee our vigils keep :
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Keep all evil from our bed ;
Till the light of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

26.

June 25/73

7's.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face ;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light—
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

Sun of Righteousness ! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears ;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above ;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love. Amen.

Ray Palmer.

27.

P. M.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine ;
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home !

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven ;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own !
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home ! Amen.

F. T. Palgrave

28.

L. M.

O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear,
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart :
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near ;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore. Amen.

F. T. Palgrave.

29.

L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

O God our light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell. Amen.

Samuel Longfellow.

Julie 24th / 73 30.

P. M.

LORD, the shades of night surround us,
Homeward come Thy wandering sheep,
Throw Thy sheltering arm around us,
Safe from every danger keep ;
Poor and needy,
O protect us while we sleep !

Praise we bring for every blessing
O'er us like the dewdrops shed ;
May we, Thy rich grace possessing,
Rest in peace the weary head :
Holy angels,
Fold your pinions round our bed.

When this day of life is ended,
When its hopes and fears are o'er,
By a Saviour's love befriended,
Guide us to the heavenly shore.
O ! receive us
Where the light shall fade no more. Amen.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

31.

P. M.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all ! Amen.

Thring.

July 20th / 13
 July 6th / 13

32.

124 Psalm
 10's.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day :
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life ;
 Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife ;
 Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love ;
 Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above.

Thy peace in sorrow, balm of every pain ;
 Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again ;
 In that dread hour speak Thou the soul's release,
 And call it, Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. Ellerton.

33.

L. M.

O FATHER, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us, this eve, for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us, this eve, with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us, this eve, and, hour by hour,
These hearts and members purify.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, equal praise to Thee !
Glory to God—the Three in One ;
Glory to God—the One in Three !

34.

S. M.

THE day, O Lord, is spent :
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore ! Amen.

John Mason Neale, 1854.

35.

C. M.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night ;
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest,
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep ;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

Charles Wesley, 1741.

36.

C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown ;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray ;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day !

Henry Kirke White, 1803.

37.

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of darkness be.
O Jesu ! keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask that pure and holy
The hours of darkness be.
O Jesu ! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of darkness be.
O Jesu ! keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night. Amen.

J. M. Neale. (Translation.)

38.

6 8's.

AS every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend ;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh ! lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesu ! Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. Amen.

39.

7's.

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

Here we all may meet no more ;
But there is a brighter shore,
Where, above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we may meet again.

To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given—
Here, and by His hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

40.

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

COME, sons of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay ;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn,
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His Love.

Then hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth, with humbler strains,
Thy praise in answer sings :
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !

41.

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night !

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

42.

P. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

43.

L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God !

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

44.

7's.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end. Amen.

Anon, 1841.

45.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

LO ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, worlds bow down before Thee ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly !
Come, and make Thy glories known !

Charles Wesley, 1758.

46.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead, which they contained before !

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

O who may dare, just King of kings,

To stand at Thine appearing !

One wondrous sight my comfort brings,

The Judge my nature wearing :

Beneath His cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet Him.

O Jesu ! friend to fallen man,

To me impart Thy merit ;

Forgive my sin, wash out its stain,

By Thine Almighty Spirit !

The trumpet sounds ; the Judge is near ;

But then my soul, devoid of fear,

Shall spring with joy to meet Him. Amen.

Ringwall and Collyer.

47.

P. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1751.

48.

L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

Str W. Scott.
From the "Dies Irae."

49.

P. M.

DAY of wrath ! that awful day
Shall the bannered cross display,
And the earth in ashes lay.

O the shrinking, quivering fear
When the Judge is drawing near,
To the reckoning stern and clear !

When the trumpet shall command,
Through the graves of every land,
All before the throne to stand ;

Death shall shrink, and nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake
Answer to their God to make.

King of awful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain ;
Didst redeem me with Thy pain ;
Be such labour not in vain !

Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow,
Broken is my heart and low,
Guard of my last end be Thou.

Day that shall awake the dead !
Day of weeping, day of dread !
Man for judgment must prepare ;

Spare, O God, in mercy spare !
Lord all-loving, Saviour blest,
Grant to us eternal rest ! Amen.

Translation of "Dies Iræ."

50.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

51.

C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

52.

D. S. M.

June 29th 1913

A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come ;
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that dread day ;
 O ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that bright day ;
 O ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way ;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath-day.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that sweet day ;
 O ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

Yet but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that glad day ;
 O ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away. Amen.

53.

7. 6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

53.

(Continued.)

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

54.

C. M.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole,
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And earth and heaven shall join to sing
The glories of Thy Name.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

55.

8. 7.

COME, O Saviour long expected,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art ;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every Christian heart.

Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring !

By Thine own eternal Spirit
In our hearts rule Thou alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

56.

L. M.

FROM heaven when Christ came down of old
He took our nature poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

ut when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him who sits thereon.

O Son of God ! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of Man ! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed.

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great day of Judgment save ! Amen.

57.

P. M.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King !

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Round you shines the heavenly light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King !

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

J. Montgomery.

58.

8 7's.

HARK ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day !

Christ by highest heaven adored ;
Christ the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb ;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace !
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,

58.

(Continued.)

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home !
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head !
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;
Stamp Thy image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love !
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the heavenly Man :
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart !

Charles Wesley, 1743.

Mildred Hall

59.

11. 10. 11. 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration !
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid ! Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

60.

6 7's.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

W. C. Dix.

61.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet Thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing !
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless :
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Angels, help us to adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face :
Sun and moon, bow down before Him !
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

62.

Litany 7's.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee—
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—
 O, by all Thy pain and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy helpless infant years ;
 By Thy life of want and tears ;
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness ;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
 By Thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God ;
 O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany !

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

63.

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day -
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide !
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour ! then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul ! Amen.

Ray Palmer, 1834.

64.

7's.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our frail departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the atoning Blood hast shed,
Thou hast risen from the grave ;
Holy Jesus, hear and save ! Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

65.

D. C. M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry !
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin :
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in !

We need not to confess our fault ;
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well ;
Therefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer :
Oh, let Thy mercy come ! Amen.

*Variation by Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827,
from John Mardley, 1562.*

66.

8's.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

And O ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

Sir Robert Grant, 1839

67.

7's.

SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

Bishop Mant.

68.

C. M.

O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on my fearful burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart :
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour ! with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my eyes to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Receive and pardon me. Amen.

Thomas Haweis, 179

69.

7. 7. 7.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

John Williams.

70.

8. 8. 7.

BY the Cross sad vigil keeping,
 Stood the Mother, mournful, weeping,
 Where her Son extended hung :
 And the piercing sword, deep driven,
 Hath aghast and sorrow-riven
 All her soul with anguish wrung.

Make me weep beside Thee ever ;
 From Thy Cross may nought dis sever
 Me, so long as I shall live ;
 Near it let me stand and sorrow,
 Hallowing many a mournful morrow
 With the tears that Thou shalt give.

There, by Thy blest Mother bending,
 Tears with tears so holy blending,
 Let me in her anguish share :
 Let me, every last denying,
 Feel within my Saviour's dying,
 Of Thy wounds some impress bear.

Jesu, may Thy Cross defend me,
 Through Thy death salvation send me,
 Shield me with Thy grace and love !
 When death severs flesh and spirit,
 May my soul through Thee inherit
 Thy bright Paradise above ! Amen.

Translation of the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa."

71.

L. M

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

72.

7's.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776
adapted by Wesley.

73.

L. M.

"TAKE up the Cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
"Deny thyself, the world forsake,
"And humbly follow after Me."

Take up the Cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up the Cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up the Cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
It guides thee to a better home,
And gives thee victory o'er the grave.

Take up the Cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the Cross
May hope to win and wear the crown.

"Take up the Cross," the Saviour said :
Tread we on earth this sacred road,
Until we stand with songs of praise
In presence of the Triune God. Amen.

74.

7. 6.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O, turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest ;
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

From the German of Paul Gerhardt, 1659.

75.

P. M.

HAIL that Head, with sorrows bowing,
Crowned with thorns, with anguish flowing ;
And that Body, pierced and shaken,
Mocked of men, of God forsaken,
Marred beyond the sons of men ;

By Thy death, of life the Giver,
When we suffer, oh deliver !
In our sorrow and our weakness,
Thou, who didst prevail by meekness,
Think upon Thy woes again !

When the hour of death is near us,
Be Thou present, Lord, to cheer us ;
In that time of fear and sadness
Tarry not, our Help and Gladness,
Saviour of the sons of men !

When our latest breath is failing,
Be Thy Spirit all prevailing ;
When the Tempter's wiles shall prove us,
Show Thy sacred sign above us,
Hold us, save us, free us, then.

Alford.

76.

8. 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying Friend.
Kneel we now in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood,
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
From the all-cleansing, healing flood.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Gazing here we'd spend our breath :
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our eyes and hearts on Thine,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace ;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever blessed One and Three.

Shirley.

77.

6. 5.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find :
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.
Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;
Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make this glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.
Sing, ye Saints redeemed
With the Heavenly host,
Glory to the Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

78.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

ALL is o'er : the pain, the sorrow,
 Human taunts, and fiendish spite :
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
 Of the prey he grasps to-night.
 Yet once more, His own to save,
 Christ must sleep within the grave.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
 While in brief repose He lies ;
 Deep the slumber that enfolds Him
 Veiled awhile from mortal eyes—
 Slumber such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
 When the bitter cross He bore ;
 How did soul and body languish,
 Till the toil of death was o'er !
 But that toil, so fierce and dread,
 Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

So this night, with voice of sadness,
 Chant His requiem soft and low ;
 Loftier strains of praise and gladness
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
 Death and hell at length are slain—
 Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign !

James Montgomery.

79.

P. M.

THE happy morn is come !
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Who now accuseth them
' For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

To God, the risen Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead. Amen.

80.

7. 4.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holy-day,
 Who did once, upon the Cross,
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ our heavenly King,
 Who endured the Cross and Grave
 Sinners to redeem and save !

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

But the pains which He endured
 Our salvation have procured :
 Now He reigns above the sky ;
 Where the angels ever cry

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

Sing we to our God above
 Praise eternal as His love ;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

Anon. 1762.

81.

7's.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high :
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo, He sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise !

Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory, King of bliss,
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thee to sing, and Thee to love.

C. Wesley.

82.

8's.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The triumph of the Lord is won ;
O let the song of praise be sung,

Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst,

Alleluia !

On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain,

Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell,

Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee

Alleluia !

Latin hymn of 12th century.

83.

C. M.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !

And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind his chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

84.

C. M.

O JESUS, who art gone before
To Thy blest realm on high,
Oh bid our spirits thither soar,
And raise them to the sky !

Make us to those delights aspire
Which spring from love to Thee,
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which faith alone can see.

To guide us to Thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
Oh, may Thy Holy Ghost be poured
Upon us from on high !

Praise to the Father and the Son,
Who dwell aloft in heaven,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Co-equal praise be given.

85.

7's.

RULER of the Hosts of Light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road
Leading to Thine own abode.

From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy Father's throne of love,
Still remember, Saviour kind !
Those whom Thou hast left behind.

Thou art seated on the throne,
By Thy death and sorrows won ;
Now Thy work of mercy crown,
Send Thy Holy Spirit down.

Praise the Son, enthroned on high
In the Father's majesty,
And the Holy Ghost adore,
Three in One for evermore. Amen.

86.

D. S. M.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise ;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed :
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high ! Amen.

E. Toke, 1857.

87.

7's.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ has vanquished death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Oh, though parted from our sight,
Far above the azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of Thy endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley.

88.

PART I.

7's.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn :
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet ;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore ;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain ;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft ;
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue ;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
" Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No ! His spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

A. P. Stanley.

88.

PART II.

7's.

HE is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll ;
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forwards are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change ;
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain ;
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore, in heart and mind,
There our peace in Him we find ;
To our own Eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

A. P. Stanley.

89.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One :
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

Anon.—Ordination Service.

90.

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.

Adapted from Simon Browne, 1720.

91.

L. M.

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace !

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

O give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light :
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, our Comforter ! Amen.

C. F. Alexander.

92.

7. 7. 7.

HOLY GHOST ! my Comforter !
Now from highest heaven appear :
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

Come, in Thee our toil is sweet,
Shelter from the noon-day heat,
From whom sorrow fieth fleet !

What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with Fire divine,
Erring hearts aright incline.

Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in Thy faith to be :
Give Thy gifts of charity.

May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss ! Amen.

Translation of the 17th Century.

93.

8. 6. 8. 4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And meet for Thee !

Miss Auber.

July 29/73

94.

P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see ;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,
and sea :
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

95.

7. 7. 7. 5.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning shine ;
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

G. Rorison.

96.

8. 8. 8.

CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Eternal One, Almighty Trine !
(Since Thou art ours, and we are Thine,)
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide ! Amen.

John Keble.

97.

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend !

Almighty Son, incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend !

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend !

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend ! Amen.

W. Cowper.

98.

6 8's.

O KING of Kings, before whose throne
The Angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee :
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need ;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise.

Anon. 1857

99.

L. M.

LO ! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the Cross, and scorned the shame :
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tear is wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace :
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud Hosannas raise :

" Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
" Through endless years to live and reign !
" Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
" And made us kings and priests to God ! "

100.

L. M.

AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand ;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear,
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

J. M. Neale.

101.

7's.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky !—
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die :
They from all their toils are freed :
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee !
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory :
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord ;
He for us the fight hath won.

Charles Wesley.

June 28 173
July 24 173

102.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. .

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
 These before God's throne who stand ?
 Each a golden crown is wearing ;
 Who are all this glorious band ?
 Alleluia ! hark, they sing,
 Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness ;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess,
 Still untouched by time's rude hand ;—
 Whence came all this glorious band ?

These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng :
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Oft with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified :
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

From the German of Schenck, 1727.

103.

S. M.

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord ! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here !

Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live ! Amen.

Sir Henry Baker, 1852.

104.

D. C. M.

COME, let us join the Saints above,
Whose glory is begun,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
E'en now to their eternal Home
There pass some spirits blest ;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu ! be Thou our constant Guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And give us rest in heaven.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide !
Oh that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts ! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven ! Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

2-5 24/7³ 105.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

O when, thou city of our God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where brethren meet to part no more,
And Sabbaths never end ?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee !
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. 1801.

June 28/73 106. All Angels

D. C. M.

FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel,
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be Thine and Thine alone. Amen.

F. W. Farrar.

107. *July 28/73*

7's.

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Might, and wisdom to obtain,
New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Eternal Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb beside the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from all eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

James Montgomery, 1819.

108.

8's.

O GOD, with Whom the happy dead
Still live, united to their Head,
 Their Lord and ours alike the same,
For all Thy saints to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
 We bless and praise Thy holy name.

By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee,
 That with them we may all partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss.
O gracious Father, grant us this,
 For Christ our dear Redeemer's sake !

Amen.

109.

July 25 | 173 C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain :
 His blood-red banner streams afar !
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears His cross below,
 He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them who did the wrong :
 He follows in His train.

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew,
 And spurned the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train ! Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

Warkshire 195
110.

C. M.

O JESUS, Lord, the Way, the Truth,
The Life, the Crown of all
Who here on earth confess Thy name,
Oh hear us when we call !

We bring to mind, with grateful joy,
Thy servants, who of old
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
And now Thy face behold ;

Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
And that communion knew
Which saints and angels share above
With holy men and true.

O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit send !
May grace to us be given
Like them to live and die in Thee,
And with them rise to heaven. Amen.

111.

8's.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee ?

A boon of love divine we seek :

Brought to Thine arms in infancy,

Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,

Thy children pray for grace, that they

May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again

Oft as we see yon table spread,

And—tokens of Thy dying pain—

The wine poured out, the broken bread ?

Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,

That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, may we come, not thus alone

At holy time or solemn rite,

But every hour till life be flown,

Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,

Still let us seek Thy grace, that we

In faith, hope, love confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come—come yet again ?

Thy children ask one blessing more ;—

To come, not now alone, but then,

When life and death and time are o'er ;

Then, then to come, O Lord, and be

Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee. Amen.

Bishop Hinds.

112.

6 7's.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony paths to tread ;—
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;—
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;—
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees ;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;—
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

W. Walsham How.

113.

7's.

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above :
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! Oh how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh defend us to the end !

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen:

M. F. Maude.

114.

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread ;
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood.
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !

Oh, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord !
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give !

Doddridge.

115.

8's.

FORGIVE, O Lord, our wanderings past,
 Henceforth we would obey Thy call ;
 Our sins far from us may we cast,
 And turn to Thee devoutly all :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

Hear us, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
 With sorrow we our guilt deplore :
 Pity our grief, and calm our fear,
 And give us grace to sin no more :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

While at Thy table, Lord, we kneel,
 And of Thy holy feast partake ;
 Our pardon there vouchsafe to seal,
 For Jesus our Redeemer's sake :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

116.

7's.

BREAD of Heaven ! on Thee we feed ;
For Thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.

Rock of Heaven ! Thy vital stream
Drink indeed may we esteem !
He to whom those waters flow
Thirst and drought no more shall know.

Lamb of God ! we lift our eyes
To Thy perfect Sacrifice :
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died,
May our daily drink and food
Be Thy Body and Thy Blood. Amen.

Altered from Josiah Conder.

117.

C. M.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food :
Our meat, the Body of the Lord ;
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey :
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine !

Edward Osler, 1836.

118.

10's.

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy feast with us vouchsaf'st to be ;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men dost here afford !
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be !

Fountain of goodness ! Jesu, Lord and God !
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood :
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O Christ ! whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be—
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

J. M. Neale.

119.

L. M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

*Anon. 1860.
 From St. Bernard.*

120.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for Thee.

The Body for our ransom given ;
The Blood in mercy shed ;
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed ;
And, as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh ;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

Anon. 1853.

121.

Irregular.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee ;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide :
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

122.

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

TO Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain ;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

123.

7. 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole !
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

124.

7's.

HARK ! the song of jubilee—

Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea

When it breaks upon the shore :

Alleluia ! for the Lord

God Omnipotent shall reign ;

Alleluia ! let the word

Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia ! hark, the sound

From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,

All creation's harmonies !

See Jehovah's banners furled,

Sheathed His sword ; He speaks, 'tis done ;

And the kingdoms of this world

Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,

With illimitable sway ;

He shall reign, when like a scroll

Yonder heavens have past away.

Then the end :—beneath His rod

Man's last enemy shall fall :

Alleluia ! Christ in God,

God in Christ, is all in all.

J. Montgomery.

125.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light !

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light ! Amen.

John Marriott, 1816.

126.

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace instil !

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !

O Lord, send forth Thy truth,
Make known Thy name abroad ;
Till all the nations shall behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

127.

(PSALM CXLVIII.)

8. 7.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him !
Praise Him, angels, in the height !
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light !
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken :
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious :
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation !
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name !

Bishop Mant.

Hymn 128

128.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4.

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
 Once again assembled here ;
 Onward be our footsteps pressing,
 In Thy love, and faith, and fear ;
 Still protect us
 By Thy presence ever near !

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
 For this rest upon our way ;
 Lord, again we bow before Thee,
 Speed our labours day by day :
 Mind and spirit
 With Thy choicest gifts array !

Keep the spell of home affection
 Still alive in every heart ;
 May its power, with mild direction,
 Draw our love from self apart,
 Till Thy children
 Feel that Thou their Father art !

Break temptation's fatal power,
 Shielding all with guardian care,
 Safe in every careless hour,
 Safe from sloth and sensual snare :
 Thou, our Saviour,
 Still our failing strength repair ! Amen.

J. Buckoll.

Himmel

129.

July 27/73

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7..

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;

Thanks for mercies past receive ;

Pardon all, their faults confessing ;

Time that's lost may all retrieve !

May Thy children

Ne'er again Thy spirit grieve !

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;

Help us selfish lures to flee ;

Sanctify our every pleasure,

Pure and blameless may it be :

May our gladness

Draw us evermore to Thee !

By Thy kindly influence cherish

All the good we here have gained ;

May all taint of evil perish,

By Thy mightier power restrained ;

Seek we ever

Knowledge pure and love unfeigned !

Let Thy father-hand be shielding

All who here shall meet no more ;

May their seed-time past be yielding

Year by year a richer store !

Those returning

Make more faithful than before ! Amen.

J. Buckoll.

130.

6 8's.

LO ! God is here ! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face ;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
Th' united quires of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue !

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :
To Thee our will, soul, flesh we give ;
Oh take, oh seal them for Thine own !
Thou art the God ! Thou art the Lord !
Be Thou by all Thy works adored !

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will ;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

130

(Continued.)

In Thee we move ; all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all !
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men ; for God is Man !
All may we lose, so Thee we gain !

As flowers their opening leaves display
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire ;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame !

John Wesley, 1739.

From Gerhardt Tersteegen.

131.

(PSALM C.—*Old Version.*)

L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell :
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise ;
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

132.

(PSALM C.)

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Varied by Charles Wesley, 1741

133.

(PSALM CXVII.)

L. M.

FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose Arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name ;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown ;
Let all His saints adore Him !

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining :
Oh, trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining ;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise ;
Now, every voice shall say, .
“ Oh praise our God alway ; ”
Let all His saints adore Him !

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose Arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name ;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown ;
Let all His saints adore Him ! Amen.

135.

Irregular.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia !

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing. Alleluia !

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia !

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell, Alleluia !

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet concert unite your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests sing Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia !

Here let the mountains ~~thunder~~ forth sonorous Alleluia !
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus Alleluia !
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia !
To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia !
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty
loves : Alleluia !
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the
King approves : Alleluia !
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia !
And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia !
Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord ;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

John Mason Neale, 1851.

136.

6. 6. 8. 6. 4. 7.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst, nor hunger more.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing ;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.

-Hallelujah !

Bring us safe to Thee, O God ! Amen.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

137.

D. S. M.

REJOICE in Christ alway
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.
Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress,
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear,
Rejoice in life and death,
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
When should they not rejoice
Whom Christ His brethren calls,
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
As on their hearts it falls ?

Yet not to rash excess
Let joy like ours prevail ;
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begin to fail.
Our temperate use of bliss,
Let it to all appear ;
And be our constant watchword this,
" The Lord Himself is near."

138.

7's.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light,
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see. Amen.

John Cennick, 1742.

139.

L. M.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die :
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

Milman.

140.

(PSALM XCIII.—*New Version.*)

L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablisht is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

141.

(PSALM LXXXIV.—*New Version.*)

C. M.

O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode,
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

They shall proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

142.

Mattins 93(PSALM XXXIV.—*New Version.*)

C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from Saints on earth
And from the Angel-host.

143.

*Thanksgiving
Australia*

(PSALM LXXXVII.)

8. 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,

Zion, city of our God ;

He, whose word cannot be broken,

Formed thee for His own abode ;

On the Rock of Ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose ?

With Salvation's walls surrounded,

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Though the world esteems thee lowly,

Though they pass thy ramparts by,

Yet the Lord whose name is holy,

He who fills Eternity,

He whom not the heaven containeth,

Not the high and holy place,

Still within thy walls remaineth,

Still upholds thee with His grace.

See the streams of living waters

Springing from eternal love,

Still supply thy sons and daughters,

And all pain and thirst remove :

Heed not thén reproach and scorning ;

Fear not threats nor danger near :

Soon shall rise a brighter morning,

When thy Lord shall reappear.

John Newton, 1779.

144.

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*Miss Winkworth, from the German
of Rinckart, 1648.*

145.

(PSALM CL.)

7's.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace !
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

146.

8. 7.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean king !
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring :
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By Thy merits we find favour :
Life is given through Thy name !

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

146.

(Continued.)

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give !
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

Soon we shall with those in glory
His transcendent grace relate ;
Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of His dying love so great :
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

John Bakenell, 1760.

147.

P. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

"Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry ;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

148.

7 s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led Captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

149.

P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of hosts! When heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

James Montgomery, 1853.

150.

(PSALM XXIX.)

P. M.

GLORY and praise to Jehovah on high,
Glory from all through the earth and the sky ;
Angels, approach Him in homage and duty,
Fall at the feet of your heavenly King ;
Saints, to His presence oh throng in the beauty
Of holy devotion, His mercies to sing !
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !
Glory from all through the earth and the sky.

The voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud,
In thunder comes forth from His palace of cloud :
That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking,
It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the shore ;
The forests are bending, the mountains are quaking,
And earth and her creatures stand still and adore.
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !
Glory from all through the earth and the sky.

The voice of Jehovah more sweetly is heard
By saints in His temple, attending His word.
He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or thunder ;
He comes not to threaten, denounce, or reprove ;
He comes with glad tidings of joy and of wonder,
He bids them be blest in Emmanuel's love.
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !
Glory from all through the earth and the sky.

H. F. Lytle.

151.

L. M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven. Amen.

Bishop Cotton.

152.

8's.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide

Of all who seek their home above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,

The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,

We shall not in the desert stray ;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,

We shall not want in all our way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.

Altered from Charles Wesley.

153.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,
A Shield and sure Defender :
True help from all our woes His hand
Through life doth freely render.
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell ;
With might and craft he's armed full well ;
Naught earthly can resist him.

Full soon we're lost and vanquished quite,
Our strength hath naught effected ;
Yet He for us maintains the fight,
Whom God Himself selected.
Ask ye His name ! 'tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion—none dare brave Him.

Should Hell's whole legions round us press,
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en them o'erpower us ;
Though this world's Prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

From the German of Luther, 1530.

154.

8. 7.

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives ;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free :
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee ;
But above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise ;
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes ;
Hearty be our work, and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men,
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven ;—not till then.

T. W. Jex Blake.

155.

8. 6. 8. 6. 4. 9.

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill ?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill ?
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand !
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies ;
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With child-like faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise the Lord above.
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

155.

(Continued.)

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven—
Hallelujah !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

—Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day and night,
The eternity of praise.
Hallelujah !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

T. E. Hankinson.

156.

P. M.

O YE who love the Lord,
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore ;
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died :
The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?

He burst the grave ; He rose
Victorious from the dead,
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

He soon again will come—
His chariot will not stay—
To take His children home,
To realms of endless day ;
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

157.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

158.

7'8.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad, Thine attributes confess
Glorious all, and numberless.

Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou !
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, oh take our sin away !

Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood ;
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou !

Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father one,
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme, eternal Three. Amen.

159.

C. M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown ! Amen.

Henry Alford, 1845

160.

D. C. M.

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
That round our pathway be ;
Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
Come between us and Thee ;
Thou know'st that our infirmity
In Thee alone is strong ;
To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
O let us not go wrong !

O bear us up, protect us now,
In dark temptation's hour ;
For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
Hast felt the tempter's power :
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
Who strive and suffer long ;
But O, 'midst all our cares and woes
Still let us not go wrong ! Amen.

161.

(PSALM CXIX.)

C. M.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With God's commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee we seek,
To Thee for succour pray ;
Lord, suffer not our careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray !

Safe in our heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, our treasure, lies ;
To succour us with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secured by that, our grateful souls
Shall ever bless Thy name ;
O, teach us then by Thy just laws
Our future life to frame ! Amen.

162.

L. M.

NOT only in Thy Manhood's might,
With burning words and signs of power,
Shine, Lord, upon my spirit's night
In dark temptation's direst hour.

Nor let me only think of Thee
In bitterest death triumphant still ;
But strive, 'mid boyhood's thoughtless glee,
Like Thee, to do my Father's will.

My faith is weak, my heart is proud,
And this world's love is strong within,
A boy's temptations round me crowd,
And urge my soul to boyish sin.

I bless Thee for Thy human birth,
And for the years that won for Thee
The favour both of heaven and earth,
In the lone vales of Galilee.

I bless Thee, for the thought has power
To keep my soul from sin's alloy
In tempted youth's most dangerous hour,
And lead me to Thy Father's joy.

163.

-C. M.

WE walk by faith, and not by sight ;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spake as man ne'er spake,
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod ;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, " My Lord and God ! "

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief ;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found :

That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light,
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight. Amen.

9th July 1873 164. Surrey 8's.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1728.

165.

7. 6.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there* :

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :

The God whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known :
And they who see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His Grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

*J. M. Neale, from the Latin of
Bernard de Morlaix, d. 1132.*

Evings
92

166.

7. 6.

JERUSALEM the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not—oh, I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Full jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

And they, beneath their Leader
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

*J. M. Neale, from the Latin of
Bernard de Morlaix, d. 1132.*

167.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
" Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee !"

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1848.

168.

8. 7. 8. 7.

STRIVE aright when God doth call thee,
When He draws thee by His grace ;
Cast off all that would enthrall thee,
And deter thee from the race.

Combat, though thy life thou givest,
Storm the Kingdom, but prevail ;
Let not Him with whom thou strivest
Ever make thee faint or quail.

Wrestle till thy zeal is burning
And thy love is glowing warm,
All that earth can give thee spurning :-
Half love will not bide the storm.

Perfect truth will never waver,
Wars with evil day and night,
Changes not for fear or favour,
Only cares to win the fight.

Perfect truth will love to follow
Watchfully our Master's ways ;
Seeks not comfort poor and hollow,
Looks not for reward or praise.

Perfect truth from worldly pleasure,
Worldly turmoil, stands apart ;
For in heaven is hid our treasure,
There must also be the heart.

Soldiers of the Cross, take courage !
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain ;
Daily conquering sin and sorrow,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

Winkler, 1703.

169.

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand ;
Saviour divine ! diffuse Thy light,
And guide our doubtful footsteps right.

Engage each weak and erring heart
Early to choose the better part ;
To yield the trifles of a day
For joys that never fade away.

Then should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.

If Thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
Secure, when human comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

170.

N. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands,

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father ! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

170.

(Continued.)

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand !

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

John Wesley, 1739 (from Paul Gerhardt).

Presbute

171. .

8. 8. 6.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee :
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach ;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers :
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

172.

8. 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring light on blinded eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart :
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
By Thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace. Amen.

173.

8'a.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth :
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side ;
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear,
On that first glorious Easter Day,
"The Lord is risen, He is not here,
Come see the place where Jesus lay !"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of Death and Hell.

We saw Thee not return on high,—
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness :
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

J. H. Gurney.

174.

7's.

WONDROUS was Thy path on earth,
'Midst our human grief and mirth,
All our good, and all our ill,
Feeling, Lord, yet sinless still.

Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to bless
Hours of earthly happiness ;
When Thou cam'st Thy friend to save,
Thou couldst weep beside his grave.

Thy transforming influence still
Into good converts our ill ;
Or from weak and worthless things
Holy joy and comfort brings.

O be with us, gracious Lord !
Near our bed, and at our board,
By our fireside's pleasant cheer,
When the winter nights are drear.

Through the livelong summer day,
When our hearts are blithe and gay,
From all taint of fleshly ill
Purify our gladness still.

So that when new heavens and earth
At Thy bidding shall have birth,
Purged from all our dross of sin,
We may dwell with Thee therein. Amen.

175.

S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

176.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
Ours may this blessing be !
Give us the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee ! Amen.

177.

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face. • •

His purposes will ripen fast,
• Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1779.

178.

L. M.

WE'VE no abiding city here—
Sad truth, were this to be our home !
But let this thought our spirit cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here—
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here ;
We seek a city out of sight—
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

Zion ! Jehovah is her strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

179.

8. 7.

July 20/73

CALL Jehovah Thy salvation ;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God will be thy sure defence :
Fear not then the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
On God's laws be set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here with special favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave.

180.

July 6 1873

S. 7.

JESUS calls us—o'er the tumult -
Of our life's tempestuous sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, 'midst cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies,
Saviour! may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Elizabeth Toke.

181.

7's.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee :
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Make the joy of saints below :
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Make the joy of saints above.

Lord, it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
'Tis no longer death to die :
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows :
Peace and happiness are Thine ;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

182.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness !

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found !

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day ! Amen.
Shirley.

183.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger :
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger,

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

184.

L. M.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

185.

6's.

WE name Thy name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from Thy ways may be.

And we can own Thy law,
And we can sing Thy songs,
While the sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.

On us Thy love may glow,
As the pure mid-day fire
On some foul spot look down,
And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not Thy fires,
The searching light and pain ;
Burn out our sin ; and, last,
With Thy love heal again.

F. T. Palgrave.

186.

P. M.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

When earthly comforts fade and die,
Though others weep, yet why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Against me earth and hell combine ;
But on my side is power divine :
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

John Newton.

187.

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and oh, amazing love !
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold !
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

188.

S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thy Almighty power,
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care :
O, be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed !

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night !

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

189.

C. M.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee !

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

William Cowper, 1779.

190.

7's.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go !
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

Fragment by Henry Kirke White, 1806.

Completed by F. F. Maitland, 1827.

191.

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endowed :
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Charles Wesley.

192.

C. M.

"COME to a desert-place apart,
And rest a little while ;"
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

What tired nature craved He sought,
But, while He sought it, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

Still not a thought to self was given,
Nor murmur from Him came ;
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
And stayed their sinking frame ;

Nor turned, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away ;
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above !
So strengthen us, that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer. Amen.

193.

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove :
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

194.

7's.

HAPPY they that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast ;
Happy they whose praises flow
Even in this vale of woe.

They shall mount from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length ;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win !
Guide me through this world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me ! Amen.

195.

C. M.

June 22 / 73

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

196.

(PSALM III.)

C. M.

O LORD, where troublous billows roll,
A strange tempestuous sea,
My foes exclaim against my soul,
There is no help for thee !

Though they be many, Thou, O Lord,
Art still my sure defence ;
My glory, Thine eternal Word,
My shield, Omnipotence.

I cry to Thee with inward voice,
And Thou dost hear my call,
And cause my spirit to rejoice,
Triumphant o'er them all.

I laid me down in peace, and slept,
From every terror free ;
In strength renewed, in safety kept :
The Lord sustained me.

Arise and save me, O my God !
Thy blessing give to me ;
My foes are fled before Thy rod,
Salvation is of Thee.

June 22nd / 12

197.

P. M.

WITH trembling awe the chosen three
The holy mount ascended,
Where, wrapped in blissful ecstasy,
They saw the vision splendid—
Their Lord arrayed in living light,
And on His left hand and His right
By glorious saints attended.

O vision bright—too bright to tell—
The joys of heaven unveiling !
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing ;
When, saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing !

Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
Oh, what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling !

W. W. How.

Eastern Church

198.

7's.

LORD of power and Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call :
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with Light Divine,
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

Full of love and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love !
Call us to our home above. Amen.

G. Thring.

199. .

(PSALM XXXVII.)

S. M.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms
His power will clear thy way :
In God's own time, the darkest night
Will end in brightest day.

J. Wesley, from the German.

200.

C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore,

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it or denies.

When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.

Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too !

Carlyle.

from 1800 to 1827

201.

7's.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain :
Wandering in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest tost ;
Lo, at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away ! Amen.

Altered from Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

202.

D. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,

While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call :
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine—
O, turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own ;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown :
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land :
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord !
Then let Thy mercy spare." Amen.

Wm. Chester new
36

203.

(PSALM CXXXIX.—*New Version.*)

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up, and lying down :
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways :
Thou knowest all my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I feel Thy hand :
O, skill for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, prove, O Lord, my thoughts and heart,
If sin yet lurk in any part :
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way. Amen.

204.

C. M.

O GOD, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us when we pray !

For wild, the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore !

The Cross our Master bore for us
For Him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

Have mercy on our failings, Lord !
Our sinking faith renew ;
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
O, send Thy patience too ! Amen.

205.

L. M.

O THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand ;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our designs control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look from them to Thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;
Thy word our shield from every harm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm. Amen.

206.

C. M.

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee ;
And now that Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene !

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

John Keble, 1857.

207.

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

Mrs. Steele.

208.

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God !
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within !

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

209.

C. M.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy should at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done !

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven ! Amen.

J. H. Gurney.

210.

8's.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought ;
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I am or have is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Amen.

H. Collins.

211.

C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious Hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No ; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

William Cowper, 1779.

212,

S. M.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near ;
On Thee my hopes I cast ;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

213.

7's.

BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."

Fix, oh fix each wavering mind ;
To Thy Cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love !

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Make us Thine, O Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.

Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Saints on earth, and hosts of heaven !

214.

C. M.

O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high !
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be !

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

215.

8. 7.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never—
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place—
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

216.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

LORD, who once from heaven descending
Lost mankind didst seek and save,
Us in our distress befriending,
Grant the succour which we crave ;
From a sinful world we flee,
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.

From the arts which would allure us,
From the toils that would ensnare,
Thou who slumberest not, secure us,
By Thy ever watchful care :
And if e'er from Thee we roam,
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home !

And at last, our perils ended,
Take us to that blessed fold,
Where the flock Thou here hast tended
Shall in heaven Thy face behold,
And with songs of praise adore
Christ their Shepherd evermore.

July 22nd 1836

217.

8. 8. 8. 4.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
Thy will be done !

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done ! Amen.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

July 13/73

218.

6's.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best :
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine ;
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all ! Amen.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

Jas 6/17

219.

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path—but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,—

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833.

220.

C. M.

FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,

O lead us gently on,

Until life's trial-time shall end,

And heavenly peace be won !

We know not what the path may be

As yet by us untrod ;

But we can trust our all to Thee,

Our Father and our God !

If called, like Abraham's child, to climb

The hill of sacrifice,

Some angel may be there in time ;

Deliverance shall arise :

Or if some darker lot be good,

O teach us to endure

The sorrow, pain, or solitude

That makes the spirit pure !

Christ by no flowery pathway came ;

And we, His followers here,

Must do Thy will and praise Thy name

In hope, and love, and fear.

And, till in heaven we sinless bow,

And faultless anthems raise,

O Father, Son, and Spirit, now

Accept our feeble praise ! Amen.

William Josiah Irons, 1853.

221.

(PSALM XC.)

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received its frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are as an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home ! Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

222.

C. M.

ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love ;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace ;
With grace and power our spirits fill,
Our faith and love increase.

Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host ;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, O let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee. Amen.

From the German of Stegmann, 1629.

223.

7's.

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree ;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread Thy banner here !

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burdens bear ;
To the world a pattern give,
Show how Christ's disciples live.

Take us to Thy home above,
Purified by faith and love ;
May we in our life's last hour
Feel Thy peace, Thy grace, Thy power.

Amen.

Altered from Charles Wesley.

224.

July 20/73

7's.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide !
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me !
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity ! Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

225.

C. M.

THOU art the Way ! to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ! Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ! the empty tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm :
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life !
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whence joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

226.

C. M.

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here :
Let us receive the engrafted Word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he, who in Thy name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since, our life had failed
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call,
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our all.

Alford.

227.

C. M.

O LORD ! with awe the path we trace
Which Thou on earth hast trod :
To man, of wondrous love and grace,
Of faithfulness to God.

Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave :
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the Blood to save !

Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
In darkness light alone,
Thy Father's name Thou didst confess,
And make His will Thine own.

Beset by Satan's subtlest wiles,
By suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the Cross.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind !
Obedient may we be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

228.

C. M.

O GOD of Israel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Our heavenly food provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
That Thou mayst be our hope, our strength,
And portion evermore. Amen.

*Variation by John Logan, 1779,
From Philip Doddridge*

229.

C. M.

MAKER of all things, aid our hands,
In all our works be near;
That our chaste lives may worthier prove
The name of Christ to bear.

Thou, only mighty, only good,
Art to Thyself the way;
Thou only, who hast given the law,
Canst give us to obey.

Perils environ all the road :
Our slippery feet control;
That so our feet more steadfastly
May press towards the goal.

For Thee, good Lord, the heart doth pant ;
For Thee the spirit sighs :
Grant unto those Thy grace hath saved
To win the eternal prize.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee :
Glory to God, the Three in One,
To God, the One in Three.

230.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! let our ways
With Thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation art Thy due,
For life preserved by Thee ;
And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free.

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

Oh, let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move ;
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim
Our hearts may feel Thy love. Amen.

231.

6. 5. 6. 5.

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus !
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

G. K. Prynn.

232.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind :
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our sinful hearts Thine own. Amen.

William Cowper, 1779.

233.

7. 6.

DRAW us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
And we will hasten on ;
For strong desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.

Draw us to Thee : enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

Draw us to Thee ; and teach us
E'en now that rest to find,
Where sorrow cannot reach us,
Nor care weigh down the mind.

Draw us to Thee ; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod ;
Then in Thy arms receive us,
And bear us home to God. Amen.

Ludämilia Elisabeth,
Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, 1687.

234.

C. M.

FROM Sion's hill my help descends ;
To God I lift mine eyes ;
My strength on Him alone depends
Who formed the earth and skies. .

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids' my foot to slide ;
Nor sleep, nor slumber, seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

He, on my side, arrayed in might,
His shield shall o'er me spread ;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt my favoured head.

Safe shall I go, and safe return,
While He my life defends,
Whose eyes my every step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

9 July 13/73 235.

L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;
Nail my affections to the Cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour ! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

John Wesley, 1739—1743. From the German.

236.

P. M.

JESU, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest ;
I come to cast myself on Thee :
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray :
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee—my terrors cease ;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts :
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

237.

P. M.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

James Edmeston, 1820.

238.

7's.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wandering feet !

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be ;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee ?

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day ;
Saints and angels will rejoice
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul ;—
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll ! Amen.

Anon. 1841.

239.

(PSALM XLII.—*New Version.*)

C. M

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty Divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

240.

P. M.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
 Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one :
 Watch and pray.

Hear the warriors who o'ercame
Marching on their heavenward way,
Still with warning voice exclaim,
 Watch and pray.

First and chiefest, hear the Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word :
 Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, and all thy weakness own :
 Watch and pray.

C. Elliott.

241.

L. M.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do :
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in Thy narrow way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from Thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey ;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee. Amen.

•

242.

(PSALM LXVII.)

6 7's.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with life divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. Lyte.

243.

L. M.

GOD of our life, to Thee we call,
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint ?
Where but to Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever sinner plead with Thee,
And Thou reject his lowly plea ?
Doth not Thy word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye !
To Thee our contrite prayer we make ;
Hear us, O hear, for Jesu's sakē. Amen.

244.

(PSALM XC.)

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

O GOD of glory, God of grace,
From age to age our dwelling-place,
 Before Thy throne we bow :
Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
When they and earth shall be no more,
 The same, O Lord, art Thou.

Man's generations rise and pass
Like morning flowers, like summer grass,
 The creatures of Thy breath.
Our life runs onward like a stream,
We come and vanish as a dream,
 The prey of sin and death.

Unnumbered ills beset our path,
Our days are darkened 'neath Thy wrath ;
 And yet how heedless we !
O touch with grace each erring heart,
True wisdom to each soul impart,
 And win us all to Thee.

We sink, we perish 'neath Thy frown :
O send Thy healing mercy down
 To light our coming years ;
Then be they many, be they few,
Thy grace will bear us safely through
 Beyond the reach of tears.

H. F. Lyte.

245.

C. M.

TRY us, O God ! and search the ground
Of every evil heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep ;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest. Amen.

246.

Reliance

6. 5.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu ! pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee ;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below ;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see ;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again ;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu ! take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

247.

L. M.

O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild :

Lead every child that bears Thy name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey !

O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of wind too wildly blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there !

So shall they waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

William Walsham How, 1854.

248.

Shanfield

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8.

THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
 From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
 Cold to Thee and to Thy kindness,
 Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;
 Through dim clouds that gather round us
 Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
 Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes ;
 Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;
 From ourselves ourselves disguise :
 'Neath the webs we've woven round us
 Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, midst our idle chorus,
 O'er our sin thy thunders roll ;
 Death his signal waves before us,
 Night and terror take the soul ;
 Till through double darkness round us
 Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.

O most Merciful, most Holy,
 Light Thy wanderers on their way ;
 Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
 Suffer us no more to stray !
 Cloud and storm oft gather round us :
 We were lost,—but Thou hast found us.

F. T. Palgrave

249.

S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear ;

Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray ;—

To pray and wait the hour—
That awful hour unknown—
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest ! Amen.

C. Wesley.

250.

7's.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like the Saviour we shall be—
Clothèd with humility ;

Simple, teachable, and mild ;
Humble as a little child ;
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Always happy in Thy love,
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined ;
Oh, let Christians still adore,
Trust, and praise Him evermore !

C. Wesley.

251.

C. M.

ETERNAL God, we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

From path to path we roam for rest,
But all our search is vain ;
We seek for life among the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign.

Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply :
The good unasked in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

Merrick.

252.

67's.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
 Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive !
What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
 Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton, 1779.

253.

P. M.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

Thou the true physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Heal me then, my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel :
To Thy mercy I appeal.

G. Thring.

254.

P. M.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me !

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away ;
O say, Thou plead'st for me ! Amen.

Charlotte Elliott, 1837.

255.

P. M.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Mighty monarch ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry !

Jesus ! hear and save ! Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

256.

8. 7.

SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to hallowed lays ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I celebrate thy love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood ;
Safe thus far, by Thee defended,
In my stage of life I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

*Jesus Thymme
32*

257.

L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

Then let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its Source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard Thy holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me :

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat :
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

258.

7's.

HOLY Spirit ! from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness,
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief ;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

May we daily grow in grace,
Still pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above. Amen.

259.

C. M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen.

260.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
Lead us safe to Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams, 1774.

261.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our time of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

261.

(Continued.)

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

262.

L. M.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim ;

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide :
Then here to Him our souls we raise
In songs of gratitude and praise.

Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. Amen.

Bishop Wordsworth.

263.

(PSALM CXXXVI.)

7's.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
For His mercies, &c.

His chosen people He did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For His mercies, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery ;
For His mercies, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy ;
For His mercies, &c.

All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercies, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ;
For His mercies, &c.

That His mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye ;
For His mercies, &c.

John Milton.

July 12th 1873
 25 20 173

Review

264.

6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7. 6.

THERE was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When this goodly world to frame
 The Lord of might and mercy came ;
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky
 Glory to God in heaven !

There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in heaven !

There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, " On earth goodwill,
 And glory in the heaven ! "

There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 There is joy in heaven !

265.

P. M.

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us :
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given !
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

266.

6. 5.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Hail ! sweet Jesu, Master !
Round Thy sacred feet
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas ! we've left Thee,
Straying far away ;
Now once more we enter
On the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

All our days direct us,
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy childhood's pattern,
Mercy's Holy Child.
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower ;
Pardon Thou, protect us,
In death's solemn hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

266.

(Continued.)

Jesu ! saints and angels
With Thy Church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy glorious shrine.
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, &c.

267.

P. M.

HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come !"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, is reached at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Bring us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

F. Faber.

268.

7. 6.

IN the time of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Herrick's Litany, 1629.

269.

ANTHEM.

LORD, for Thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge ; but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin, and incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee, now and evermore. Amen.

APPENDIX.

1.

68's.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the morn, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.”

O God, O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

Bishop Heber.

2.

L. M.

YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
" God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, " God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, " God is good."

Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word :
These prompt our song that God is good.

John Hampden Gurney.

3.

D. C. M.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of heaven !
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins,
And raiment spotless white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here, faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But *there* are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
O by Thy life laid down !
Vouchsafe us here to bear Thy cross,
And there to gain Thy crown ! Amen.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

4.

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord! teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1819.

5.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices,
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken ! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear ;
Of the precious price that bought them—
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us—when we stand
In the judgement—
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore ;
Seaward far the islands brighten—
Light of nations ! lead us o'er :
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

6.

L. M.

WHERE high the Heavenly Temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
Jesus, the Son of Man, appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Now high exalted for us pleads,
And with the Father intercedes.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the Throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Praise we the Father ; praise the Son,
Our woes and weakness who hath known ;
Let equal praise to Spirit blest
By men and angels be address.

M. Bruce.

7.

7's.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned ;
See Him meekly bearing all—
Love to man His soul sustained :
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view ;
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree :
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies :
Saviour! teach us so to rise. Amen.

James Montgomery.

July 27/72
July 15/72

8. July 3rd/72

8'K.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made 'us is Divine."

*Spectator, No. 465 : commonly attributed to Addison,
possibly written by Andrew Marvell.*

9.

6 8's.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there !
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone ; my nature dies ;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise ;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
I stand, and will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer !
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy name is Love ?

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !
I hear Thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal love Thou art !
To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face—
I see Thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end !
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above :
Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from Thee to move :
Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home !
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

Charles Wesley, 1742.

10.

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blows beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away :

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine ;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine ;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death
To keep us still Thine own.

11.

6 8'N.

NOW I have found the ground wherein

Sure my soul's anchor may remain :

The wounds of Jesus, for my sin

Before the world's foundation slain ;

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay

When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, Thine everlasting grace

Our scanty thought surpasses far ;

Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;

Thine arms of love still open are,

Returning sinners to receive,

That mercy they may taste, and live.

O Love ! thou bottomless abyss !

My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;

Covered is my unrighteousness,

Nor spot of guilt remains on me :

While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,

Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries !

With faith I plunge me in this sea ;

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;

Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;

I look into my Saviour's breast ;

Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !

Mercy is all that's written there !

Though waves and storms go o'er my head ;
 Though strength, and health, and friends be gone ;
Though joys be withered all and dead ;
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my stedfast soul relies—
Father ! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

John Wesley, 1740, from J. A. Rothe.

12.

Hiss Tra.

6 7's.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parchèd scroll—
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come ;
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the Throne.

Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast ;
Then, at her Creator's call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise,
Waiting for the great assize.

Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead ;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place ;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

Then, in that tremendous day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What shall I, the sinner, say ?
"What shall be the sinner's stay ?"
When the righteous shrinks for fear,
How shall my frail soul appear ?

King of kings, enthroned on high
In Thine awful majesty,
Thou who of Thy mercy free
Savest those who saved shall be,
In Thy boundless charity,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

O remember, Saviour dear,
What the cause that brought Thee here ;
All Thy long and perilous way
Was for me who went astray :
When that day at last is come,
Call, O call the wanderer home.

Thou in search of me didst sit
Weary with the noon-day heat,
Thou to save my soul hast borne
Cross, and grief, and hate, and scorn :
O, may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain !

Righteous Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past ;
Lo ! my sighs, my guilt, my shame !
Spare me, for Thine own great name !

Thou who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears, and go in peace ;
Thou who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief ;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Even to me, the hope of heaven !

A. P. Stanley.

13.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touched by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,—
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.

Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

John Keble,

From the "Christian Year."

14.

Tuesday before Easter.

10. 10. 6. 6.

"FILL high the bowl, and spice it well, and pour
 "The dews oblivious ; for the Cross is sharp,
 "The Cross is sharp, and He
 "Is tenderer than a lamb.

"He wept by Lazarus' grave—how will He bear
 "This bed of anguish ? and His pale weak form
 "Is worn with many a watch
 "Of sorrow and unrest.

"His sweat last night was as great drops of blood,
 "And the sad burthen pressed Him so to earth,
 "The very torturers paused
 "To help Him on His way.

"Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching sense
 "With medicined sleep."—O awful in Thy woe !
 The parching thirst of death
 Is on Thee, and Thou triest

The slumberous potion bland, and wilt not drink :
 Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man
 With suicidal hand
 Putting his solace by :

at as at first Thine all-pervading look
 w from Thy Father's bosom to the abyss,
 Measuring in calm presage
 The infinite descent

So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
Made heir, and emptied of Thy glory awhile,
 With unaverted eye
 Thou meetest all the storm.

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou mayst pity all ;
And rather wouldst Thou wrestle with strong pain,
 Than overcloud Thy soul,
 So clear in agony,

Or lose one glimpse of Heaven before the time.
O most entire and perfect sacrifice,
 Renewed in every pulse
 That on the tedious Cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way ;
 Even sinners, taught by Thee,
 Look Sorrow in the face,

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguiled
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth :—
 And yet not all unsoothed ;
 For when was Joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breathed, "Father, forgive,"
Or "Be with Me in Paradise to-day ?"
 And, though the strife be sore,
 Yet in His parting breath

Love masters Agony ; the soul that seemed
Forsaken, feels her present God again,
 And in her Father's arms
 Contented dies away.

*John Keble,
From the "Christian Year."*

15.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

D. S. M.

WHY doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers ?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers ?
Mark well His holy pains :
'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
Their course will all be run,
Who now are shouting round
Hosanna to their chief ;
No thought like this in Him is found,
This were a Conqueror's grief.

Or doth He feel the Cross
Already in His heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss ?
Feel even His God depart ?
No, though He knew full well
The grief that then shall be—
The grief that Angels cannot tell—
Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns ;
Such might be Martyr's tears,
When his last lingering look he turns
On human hopes and fears ;
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His spirit waxeth faint ;
His is a Saviour's woe.

" If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
" At least in this thy day,
" The message of thy peace ! but now
" 'Tis passed for aye away :
" Now foes shall trench thee round,
" And lay thee even with earth,
" And dash thy children to the ground,
" Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win ?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

*John Keble,
From the "Christian Year."*

16.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

8.8.8.6.8.8.8.6.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view ?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing ! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife !
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought ;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes :
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and owned you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
“ Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
“ To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
“ Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
“ And Heaven thy morn will bless.”

*John Keble,
From the “ Christian Year.”*

17.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

P. M.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast-away
That crowned the eastern copse : and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade ;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide !
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Nely the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife ;

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear Affection's kiss ;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall ?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field : yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain ?

And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprung at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

*John Keble,
From the "Christian Year."*

18.

St. John's Day.

6 7's.

"LORD, and what shall this man do?"

Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,

Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armèd in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate ;

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

*John Keble,
From the "Christian Year."*

19.

St. Andrew's Day.

8's.

WHEN brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love !

'Tis true, bright hours together told
And blissful dreams in secret shared,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpaired.

E'en round the death-bed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover,
And haunt us with no vexing mood
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel
We shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart ?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scanned His features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof ;

Such proof as they are sure to find
Who spend with Him their happy days.
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain,
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial given
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered ye may meet
For endless ages to embrace.

*John Keble,
From the "Christian Year."*

1

1

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
ABIDE among us with Thy grace. (<i>From the German of Stegmann</i>)	231
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide. (<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i>)	17
A few more years shall roll	53
Again as evening shadows fall. (<i>Samuel Longfellow</i>)	30
All is o'er: the pain, the sorrow. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	81
All people that on earth do dwell	136
All praise to Him who dwells in bliss. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	36
All praise to Thee, my God, this night. (<i>Bishop Thomas Ken</i>)	12
Angels from the realms of glory. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	59
Around the throne of God a band. (<i>J. M. Neale</i>)	104
As every day Thy mercy spares	39
As pants the hart for cooling streams	248
As with gladness men of old. (<i>W. C. Dix</i>)	63
A tower of strength our God doth stand. (<i>From the German of Luther</i>)	160
Awake, my soul, and with the sun. (<i>Bishop Thomas Ken</i>)	1
Before Jehovah's awful throne. (<i>Isaac Watts. Varied by Charles Wesley</i>)	137
Before the ending of the day. (<i>Latin Hymn, "Te lucis ante terminum"</i>)	25
Beset with snares on every hand	177
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	250
Blessed Lord, who Thee receive	222
Blest are the pure in heart	185
Blow ye the trumpet, blow. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	48
Bread of Heaven! on Thee we feed. (<i>Altered from Josiah Conder</i>)	120
Brief life is here our portion. (<i>J. M. Neale, from the Latin of Bernard de Morlaix</i>)	173
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	62
Brightly gleams our banner	276
By cool Siloam's shady rill	293
By the Cross sad vigil keeping. (<i>Translation of the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa"</i>)	78

	PAGE
Call Jehovah Thy salvation	188
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide. (<i>Altered from Charles Wesley</i>)	159
Children of the Heavenly King. (<i>John Cennick</i>)	144
Christian brethren, ere we part	40
Christian, seek not yet repose. (<i>C. Elliott</i>)	249
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	84
Christ, whose glory fills the skies. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	7
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove. (<i>Adapted from Simon Browne</i>)	94
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. (<i>Anon.—Ordination Service</i>)	93
Come, let us join our cheerful songs. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	165
Come, let us join the Saints above. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	108
Come, my soul, thou must be waking. (<i>From the German of Baron Von Canitz</i>)	8
Come, O Saviour long expected	57
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	290
Come, sons of God, awake	41
Come, thou bright and morning star. (<i>From the German of Von Rosenroth</i>)	3
"Come to a desert-place apart"	201
Commit thou all thy griefs. (<i>John Wesley, from Paul Gerhardt</i>)	178
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide. (<i>John Keble</i>)	100
Day of wrath, O dreadful day. (<i>A. P. Stanley</i>)	296
Day of wrath! that awful day. (<i>Translation of "Dies Irae"</i>)	50
Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus. (<i>Ludāmilia Elisabeth, Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt</i>)	242
Ere another Sabbath's close	45
Eternal God, we look to Thee. (<i>Merrick</i>)	260
Far from my heavenly home. (<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i>)	221
Father, before Thy throne of light. (<i>F. W. Farrar</i>)	110
Father! by Thy love and power	26
Father of heaven, whose love profound. (<i>J. Cooper</i>)	101
Father of Love, our Guide and Friend. (<i>William Josiah Irons</i>)	229
Father of mercies! let our ways	239
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss. (<i>Mrs. Steele</i>)	216
"Fill high the bowl, and spice it well, and pour" (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	300
Forgive, O Lord, our wanderings past	119
Forth from the dark and stormy sky. (<i>Altered from Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	210
'orth in Thy name, O Lord, I go. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	193

	PAGE
From all who dwell below the skies. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	138
From Egypt's bondage come. (<i>Thomas Kelly</i>)	142
From Greenland's icy mountains. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	127
From heaven when Christ came down of old	58
From Sion's hill my help descends	243
Glorious things of thee are spoken: (<i>John Newton</i>)	149
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high. (<i>H. F. Lyte</i>)	157
Glory be to God on high	166
Glory be to Jesus	80
God is gone up with a merry noise	86
God moves in a mysterious way. (<i>William Cowper</i>)	186
God of mercy, God of grace. (<i>H. F. Lyte</i>)	251
God of mercy, throned on high	247
God of our life, to Thee we call	252
God, that madest earth and heaven. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i> , 2d stanza by <i>Archbishop Whately</i>)	20
Go to dark Gethsemane. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	288
Great God! what do I see and hear. (<i>Ringwall and Collyer</i>)	47
Great King of nations, hear our prayer	211
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear	268
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah! (<i>W. Williams</i>)	269
Hail that Head, with sorrows bowing. (<i>Henry Alford</i>)	78
Hail the day that sees Him rise. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	90
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus! (<i>John Bakewell</i>)	152
Hail to the Lord's Anointed. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	54
Happy they that find a rest	203
Hark! a voice divides the sky. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	105
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling. (<i>F. Faber</i>)	278
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes. (<i>Philip Doddridge</i>)	56
Hark! the herald angels sing. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	60
Hark! the song of jubilee. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	128
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal. (<i>G. Thring</i>)	262
Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus	21
He is gone—beyond the skies. (<i>A. P. Stanley</i>)	91
He is gone—towards their goal. (<i>A. P. Stanley</i>)	92
Holiest, breathe an evening blessing. (<i>J. Edmeston</i>)	19
Holy Ghost! my Comforter. (<i>Translation of the 17th century</i>)	96
Holy, holy, holy, Lord. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	156
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	98
Holy Spirit! from on high	267
Hosanna to the living Lord! (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	154
How beauteous are their feet. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	130
How shall the young preserve their ways	169
In the hour of trial. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	255
In the time of my distress. (<i>Herrick's Litany</i>)	279

	PAGE
In token that thou shalt not fear. (<i>Henry Alford</i>)	167
I praised the earth, in beauty seen. (<i>Bishop Heber</i>)	281
Jerusalem, my happy home. (<i>F. A. Baker</i>)	109
Jerusalem the Golden. (<i>J. M. Neale, from the Latin of Bernard de Morlaix</i>)	174
Jesu, lover of my soul. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	233
Jesu, meek and gentle. (<i>G. K. Prynne</i>)	240
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all. (<i>H. Collins</i>)	219
Jesu, my Saviour, look on me	245
Jesus calls us—o'er the tumult. (<i>Elizabeth Toke</i>)	189
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	83
Jesus lives! no longer now	275
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	270
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee. (<i>Altered from Charles Wesley</i>)	232
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	51
Jesus! Thou Joy of loving hearts. (<i>Anon. From St. Bernard</i>)	123
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet. (<i>William Cowper</i>)	241
Joy to the world, the Lord is come. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	52
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. (<i>John Henry Newman</i>)	228
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us. (<i>James Edmeston</i>)	246
Lessons sweet of spring returning. (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	298
Let us, with a gladsome mind. (<i>John Milton</i>)	273
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	181
Lo! God is here! Let us adore. (<i>John Wesley. From Gerhard Tersteegen</i>)	134
Lo! He comes with clouds descending. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	46
"Lord, and what shall this man do?" (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	308
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee. (<i>J. H. Gurney</i>)	218
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing. (<i>J. Buckoll</i>)	132
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. (<i>J. Buckoll</i>)	133
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. (<i>Shirley</i>)	191
Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake	280
Lord God of morning and of night. (<i>F. T. Palgrave</i>)	11
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	259
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day. (<i>John Williams</i>)	72
Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead. (<i>John Keble</i>)	215
Lord of mercy and of might. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	264
Lord of my life, whose tender care	22
Lord of power and Lord of might. (<i>G. Thring</i>)	207
Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows. (<i>Philip Doddridge</i>)	44
Lord of the worlds above. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	43
Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee? (<i>Bishop Hinds</i>)	115
Lord, the shades of night surround us. (<i>Lydia H. Sigourney</i>)	81

	PAGE
Lord, Thy children guide and keep. (<i>W. Walsham How</i>)	116
Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure. (<i>T. W. Jex-Blake</i>)	161
Lord, when before Thy throne we meet.	124
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne. (<i>Carlyle</i>)	209
Lord, who once from heaven descending	225
Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand	103
Love Divine, all love excelling. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	224
Maker of all things, aid our hands	238
My faith looks up to Thee. (<i>Ray Palmer</i>)	66
My God, and is Thy table spread. (<i>Doddridge</i>)	118
My God, my Father, while I stray. (<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>)	226
Nearer, my God, to Thee. (<i>Sarah Flower Adams</i>)	175
New every morning is the love. (<i>John Keble</i>)	2
Not all the blood of beasts. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	202
Not only in Thy Manhood's might	170
Now all the woods are sleeping. (<i>Gerhardt</i>)	18
Now I have found the ground wherein. (<i>John Wesley, from J. A. Rothe</i>)	294
Now thank we all our God. (<i>Miss Winkworth, from the German of Rinckart</i>)	150
Now the morn new light is pouring	10
Object of my first desire	190
O Father, who didst all things make	34
O for a closer walk with God. (<i>William Cowper</i>)	198
O for a heart to praise my God! (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	217
Oft in danger, oft in woe. (<i>Fragment by Henry Kirke White</i>)	199
O God of glory, God of grace. (<i>H. F. Lyte</i>)	253
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord	147
O God of Israel! by whose hand. (<i>Variation by John Logan, from Philip Doddridge</i>)	237
O God, our help in ages past. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	230
O God, that madest earth and sky	213
O God, Thou art my God alone. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	24
O God, unseen, yet ever near. (<i>Edward Osler</i>)	121
O God, with Whom the happy dead	112
O help us, Lord! each hour of need. (<i>Henry Hart Milman</i>)	223
O holy Lord, content to live. (<i>William Walsham How</i>)	256
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace. (<i>John Chandler. From St. Ambrose</i>)	4
O Jesus, Lord, the Way, the Truth	114
O Jesus, who art gone before	87
O King of kings, before whose throne	102
O Light of life, O Saviour dear. (<i>F. T. Palgrave</i>)	29
O Lord, another day is flown. (<i>Henry Kirke White</i>)	37
O Lord, how happy should we be. (<i>Joseph Anstice</i>)	180

	PAGE
O Lord, my best desire fulfil. (<i>William Cowper</i>)	220
O Lord, Thou knowest all the snares	168
O Lord, turn not Thy face away. (<i>Variation by Bishop Reginald Heber, from John Mardley</i>)	68
O Lord, where troublous billows roll	205
O Lord! with awe the path we trace	236
O sacred Head, surrounded. (<i>From the German of Paul Gerhardt</i>)	77
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows. (<i>Thomas Haweis</i>)	71
O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend. (<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>)	263
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight. (<i>John Wesley, from the German</i>)	244
O Thou, Who camest from above. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	266
O Thou, Who hast at Thy command	214
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed. (<i>Miss Auber</i>)	97
O what, if we are Christ's. (<i>Sir Henry Baker</i>)	107
O where shall rest be found. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	184
O ye who love the Lord	164
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	196
Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord. (<i>Henry Alford</i>)	235
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven. (<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i>)	64
Praise the Lord, His glories show. (<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i>)	151
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him. (<i>Bishop Mant</i>)	131
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	284
Put thou thy trust in God. (<i>John Wesley, from the German</i>)	208
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart. (<i>John Newton</i>)	261
Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun. (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	306
Rejoice in Christ alway	143
Rejoice to-day with one accord. (<i>Sir Henry Baker</i>)	139
Ride on! ride on in majesty. (<i>H. H. Milman</i>)	145
Rock of Ages, cleft for me. (<i>Augustus Montague Toplady. Adapted by Wesley</i>)	75
Ruler of the Hosts of Light	88
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise. (<i>J. Ellerton</i>)	33
Saviour, Source of every blessing	265
Saviour, when in dust to Thee. (<i>Sir Robert Grant</i>)	65
Soldiers of Christ, arise. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	200
Songs of praise the angels sang. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	155
son of Man, to Thee we cry. (<i>Bishop Mant</i>)	70
souls in heathen darkness lying	286
pirit of God, that moved of old. (<i>C. F. Alexander</i>)	95
ar of morn and even. (<i>F. T. Palgrave</i>)	28
ealing from the world away. (<i>Ray Palmer</i>)	27
rive aright when God doth call thee. (<i>Winkler</i>)	176
ink is the sun's last beam of light	23

	PAGE
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear. (<i>John Keble</i>)	13
Sweet is the work, my God, my King. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	42
Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies. (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	304
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go (<i>Faber</i>)	14
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing. (<i>Shirley</i>)	79
 "Take up the Cross," the Saviour said	76
That day of wrath, that dreadful day. (<i>Sir W. Scott. From the "Dies Irae"</i>)	49
The day is past and over. (<i>J. M. Neale. Translation</i>)	38
The day, O Lord, is spent. (<i>J. M. Neale</i>)	35
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee. (<i>J. M. Neale</i>)	122
The happy morn is come	82
The Lord my pasture shall prepare. (<i>Joseph Addison</i>)	172
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	192
The radiant morn hath past away. (<i>Thring</i>)	32
There is a land of pure delight. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	204
There was joy in heaven	274
The roseate hues of early dawn. (<i>Cecil Frances Alexander</i>)	283
The spacious firmament on high. (<i>Joseph Addison</i>)	289
The Son of God goes forth to war. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	113
The strain upraise of joy and praise. (<i>J. M. Neale</i>)	140
The strife is o'er, the battle done. (<i>Latin hymn of 12th century</i>)	85
The sun is sinking fast. (<i>E. Caswall, from the Latin</i>)	15
Thine for ever! God of Love. (<i>M. F. Maude</i>)	117
Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	125
Thou art gone up on high. (<i>E. Toke</i>)	89
Thou art the Way! to Thee alone. (<i>George W. Doane</i>)	234
Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness. (<i>F. T. Palgrave</i>)	257
Thou Judge of quick and dead. (<i>Charles Wesley</i>)	258
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	212
Thou, whose Almighty word. (<i>John Marriott</i>)	129
Three in One, and One in Three. (<i>G. Rorison</i>)	99
Through all the changing scenes of life	148
Through the day Thy love hath spared us. (<i>Thomas Kelly</i>)	16
Thy way, not mine, O Lord. (<i>Horatius Bonar</i>)	227
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine. (<i>Philip Doddridge</i>)	197
To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit	126
Try us, O God, and search the ground	254
 Up to the throne of God is borne. (<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>)	272
 We name Thy name, O God. (<i>F. T. Palgrave</i>)	194
We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread. (<i>J. H. Gurney</i>)	182
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth. (<i>Bishop Cotton</i>)	158
We've no abiding city here. (<i>Thomas Kelly</i>)	187
We walk by faith, and not by sight	171

	PAGE
With glory clad, with strength arrayed	146
With trembling awe the chosen three. (<i>W. W. How</i>)	206
When brothers part for manhood's race. (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	310
When gathering clouds around I view. (<i>Sir Robert Grant</i>)	69
When I survey the wondrous Cross. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	74
When our heads are bowed with woe. (<i>Bishop Reginald Heber</i>)	67
Where high the Heavenly Temple stands. (<i>M. Bruce</i>)	287
While yet the morn is breaking. (<i>From the German of J. Mühlmann</i>)	6
Who are these in bright array. (<i>James Montgomery</i>)	111
Who are these, like stars appearing. (<i>From the German of Schenck</i>)	106
Who shall ascend to the holy place. (<i>T. E. Hankinson</i>)	162
Why doth my Saviour weep. (<i>John Keble. From the "Christian Year"</i>)	302
Why should I fear the darkest hour. (<i>John Newton</i>)	195
Wondrous was Thy path on earth	183
Yes, God is good ; in earth and sky. (<i>John Hampden Gurney</i>)	282
Ye that have spent the silent night. (<i>Gascoigne</i>)	5

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	HYMNS
Morning	1—10
Evening	11—39
Sabbath	40—44
Advent	45—56
Christmas	57, 58
Epiphany	59—61
Lent	62—69
Good Friday	70—77
Easter Eve	78
Easter Day	79—82
Ascension	83—88
Whitsuntide	89—93
Trinity	94—98
Saints' Days	99—110
Confirmation	111—113
Holy Communion	114—120
Burial of the Dead	121, 122
Missions	123—126
General	127—268
Appendix	1—19

PAGE

146

200

310

69

74

75

287

6

111

16

122

92

75

80

82

5

8

12

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

7

SV825A227 1000

Hymns for use in the chapel of Marl
Andover-Harvard

001300000



3 2044 077 928 372

